

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

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Garden Seeds.

FRESH and full assortment, growth of 1845. Just received by WM. SHAW.

CAPT. FREMONT.

A correspondent of the New York Mirror furnishes the following authentic and carefully prepared account of Capt. Fremont, of the U. S. Army, the celebrated explorer of Oregon and California: Capt. Fremont, whose celebrated explorations in the farthest West are now the theme of universal applause; is a native of South Carolina, the son of a widow and the architect of his own fortunes. Left an orphan at four years of age, with a brother and sister younger than himself, his mother, until he was seventeen, provided for his support & education; at that age he began to provide for himself, and for those connected with him. For three years he taught mathematics, perfecting his own education, and giving all his earnings, beyond his necessary support, to his mother and the two younger children. At the age of twenty, his skill in mathematics procured him employment in the railroad explorations undertaken by the State of South Carolina, to connect the Atlantic ocean and the Ohio river, at the two points of Charleston and Cincinnati, and this gave him occupation in the mountainous region of North Carolina and Tennessee, and first induced him to mountain life, and led him to commence the scientific observations of the heavens and earth, that he has since extended over so vast a field. While engaged in this business, an increase was made by Congress in some branches of the regular army. General Jackson was then President of the United States, and directed one-half of the new appointments to be taken from the class of citizens; and out of this class young Fremont obtained a place among junior officers of the Topographical Engineers. The wise and patriotic decision of Gen. Jackson opened the door for this appointment, but it required the merit of the applicant to obtain it. The Topographical corps is eminently scientific; and the young Fremont, never having been at the national Military Academy, had to stand an examination before he could be appointed. A board of eminent officers examined him. He stood the test of this severe ordeal. He triumphed in his examination; and thus won his way to a place which the enlightened patriotism of Jackson had laid open to the competition of friendless merit. This was a first fruit—a rich one—of having been a teacher of mathematics. What an encouragement to young men who have to advance themselves by their own exertions!

No sooner was he appointed, than he went into active service in the field, and spent the first year in the Cherokee country, in the topographical surveys, (under Captain Williams,) which the apprehended hostilities of the southern Indians rendered necessary to the expected military operations. The next year he was sent as an assistant to the celebrated astronomer, Mr. Nicollet, to the valley of the upper Mississippi, and was engaged two years in that remote region in aiding that eminent savant in collecting the materials, verifying the facts, and instituting the seventy thousand meteorological observations upon which the great hydrographic and topographic map of Nicollet and Fremont was constructed, and from which so many publishers of maps have levied contributions, without acknowledging the source from which they came. In 1842, Lieut. Fremont first became commander of a separate expedition, and explored the country between the Mississippi river and the Rocky mountains, to the South Pass and Fremont's Peak; and the brief, modest, military and scientific report which he made of this exploration, immediately made his name known in Europe and America, as one of the distinguished explorers of the age. In 1842-'44, he went upon his great expedition to Oregon and North California; the report of which, published by order of Congress, is now attracting universal attention. In 1845, he has gone upon his third expedition, determined upon a complete military and scientific exploration of all the vast and almost unknown regions between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean, and between the Oregon river and the Gulf of California. This expedition is expected to continue near two years, and its successful result is looked to with the highest degree of interest by all the friends of science in America and in Europe.

Perhaps no man of his age, in any country, has gone through such an amount of labor and exertion of body and mind as Captain Fremont. From the age of twenty the canopy of Heaven has been his covering—the mountains and plains, the lakes and rivers, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to the head of the Mississippi, have been his home.—His military reconnaissance in which he was engaged, became also scientific explanations; and geography, botany, geology, astronomy, meteorology, receive each as much attention from him as if each had been his sole pursuit. The fruits of all these researches are recorded in journals daily written in the field. Materials for maps and drawings are daily collected; a

few months of office labor prepares all for publication, and without waiting to see any thing published, the impatient gentleman immediately sets off upon new expeditions.

Mathematics are the favorite study of Captain Fremont, botany his favorite recreation; but all the sister sciences come in for a share of his attention, and the languages, both ancient and modern, are not neglected. Greek and Latin came with his school education. French and Spanish have been added; German is in a course of acquisition; and his whole life is divided between field labors and literary studies. His life is a pattern, and his success an encouragement to all the noble minded young men of America, who despising a life of sloth and ease, aspire to honorable distinction by their own meritorious exertions.—He is married to a daughter of Senator Benton, but looks to his own exertions, not to senatorial influence, for advancement and promotion. His widowed mother lives to see the fame, and to receive the support, of a son, left an orphan at four years of age, and beginning at seventeen to provide for himself, for her, and for a younger brother and sister.

Captain Fremont is light and slender in his person, very youthful in appearance as well as in fact, delicate in his features and wholly different from what would be looked for in the leader of such extended and adventurous expeditions. Mr. Wilkins, the Secretary of War, could hardly believe his own eyes when, in the fall of 1844, a modest looking youth, almost feminine in the delicacy of his person and features appeared before him, and reported himself as Lieutenant Fremont, just returned from the expedition to Oregon and North California. To see the leader of such an expedition, in the person of such a stripling, was a surprise from which the honorable Secretary could not recover himself, until after repeated interrogatories.

A. R. C.

Washington, Nov. 29, 1845.

SENATOR YULEE.

The Washington Enquirer gives the following account of the Senator from Florida, who recently had his name changed from Levy to the outlandish thing above:

"I have lately had the curiosity to ascertain from a friend, the cause of the recent change of Senator Levy's name to Yulee; which, as it embraces the history of a family who have, in a comparatively short time, passed through more singular vicissitudes than that of any other public man in the United States, I feel so strongly tempted to lay it before your readers, as to overcome my scruples in such cases. So here it is: His grand father, whose name was Yulee, was the First Councillor, or Grand Vizier, of the Emperor of Morocco of those days. The son of the Emperor engaged in a conspiracy against his father's life and authority, which it became the duty of the ancestor of Mr. Yulee to check and furnish; and in so doing, he was compelled to throw the Prince into prison. Shortly afterwards, and while the latter was in confinement, the old Emperor died, and his son went from the prison to the throne. His first acts were to cast his father's friend and adviser into the same dungeon, where he died shortly afterwards, and to order the confiscation of his estate. As the sovereign's will was the only law known in Morocco in such cases, the family, to save their lives, were forced to fly somewhere beyond the authority of the new Emperor, and chance favored them with an escape to Gibraltar. Soon afterwards, the father of Senator Yulee, then a young man, went to Cuba, and, changing his name to Levy, entered into commercial business. Mr. Y. was born in this country about the time of the cession of Florida to the United States, as the world knows. He is, perhaps, the youngest man in the U. S. Senate, of which he is a most useful and promising member—notwithstanding the fact, that his grandfathers was as staunch and phlegmatic an old Turk as ever sat cross legged or whiffed the houka.

THE WIND.

BY PHAZMA.

A child once said to his father, as it felt the play of the morning breeze through its waving ringlets, 'Father, where does the wind come from?'

'From heaven,' said the father.

'And where does it go to?'

'It goes back to heaven, again, my child, and again to earth returns. It is the breath of the Great Spirit of beneficence, from whom we receive all happiness and all joy. Changing seasons are ordained to make the earth happy and beautiful for us, and then we are breathed upon as is most conducive to our good. Have you not sometimes wished it would be always summer?'

'Yes, father.'

'And at another time sighed that winter would not always?'

'Yes, father.'

'Then you must see that the Ruler of

the seasons knows better than yourself what is best for you, as your own wishes were inconsistent.'

'Yes, father, I see now.'

'The wind, my dear son—the far-roaming spirit of the wide universe—is ever near us and hovering o'er us. It kisses the sick man's temple, and the suffering invalid lifts up his eye in hope. It plays with the breathing of the sinless infant and weaves smiles upon its dimpled cheek. It is the essence of life and breath, & you my boy, are inhaling it. You know you did not make it, yet you feel that it is necessary for your very life—that without it you would fall down and expire; then, where does the wind come from, son?'

'From heaven, father.'

'Yes, from heaven, and it comes to bless the earth. Were there no wind, my son this beautiful world would be a stagnant waste, and yon arched sky, now so magnificently adorned by the rising sun, would change to some wild and strange confusion.'

'Does not the wind whisper, father?'

'Yes, child; you may learn to converse with it, and it shall tell you of its errand to earth. Pause when the lonely airs are calling stillly music from leaf and bough in summer eventide, watch as the stars peep forth, and the wind shall whisper to your heart of heaven.'

'Does not the wind howl, father?'

'Yes, boy; and then it tells the grandeur and the might of the Omnipotence. If you have learned to joy in its balmy breathing, you must also know the great strength and glory of the wind. Is it not wonderful my son? Even as this infant rivulet beneath us (upon which that dancing sun-beam has just alighted piercing the leafy forest shade above rolls on and on, miles, leagues, and far away still swelling, rising, deepening, until at last it plunges into the vast desert of water that rolls around the globe,) so can this gentle west wind, now so soft, rouse into a louder voice, start into a rage, and terror, and fright the land and lash the ocean with the tornado's wild and shrieking anger!'

'It is wonderful, father.'

'And it is wise my son; and we must believe so though we may not understand why it is so.—Yes; the wind now sporting with the leaves around, may tear these rooted trees from the firm earth, drive them like feathers along the land, dash off the mountain cone, and whirl it into a vale prostrate cities, and turn the course of the seas! Is it not wonderful?'

'Wonderful, father!'

'Then, where does the wind come from, my son?'

'From heaven, father!'

A Learned Dog.—The London papers announce the arrival in that city from Paris of a remarkably trained dog, who is a perfect master of pantomime action, and who, though he cannot speak, can read and write and lay out a table better than any waiter. This wonderful dog performed fifty nights successively at the Olympic Circus in Paris, in 'Le Chien des Pyrenées.' He is a shepherd's dog, trained by Mr. Wallens, who has long been celebrated in Europe as the most accomplished instructor of the canine race.—As an actor, a late London journal says that 'he knows his part perfectly, and he thoroughly enters into the spirit of it. He has studied it; he has reasoned on it; he shows his thoughts and his actions, and the expression of his features; he is a perfect master of pantomime. He does all but speak, has more than once saved human life, and, in 1835, the Belgian government rewarded him with medal of honor his instructor, Mr. Wallens, for having by the aid of Emile, (the dog,) saved the life of a person who had fallen into the river Escout at Ghent. Like all true geniuses, Emile is the most modest and kindest of mortals: to the learning of the sage he adds the simplicity and playfulness of the infant. The petted of society, he is not its spoiled child; for whatever may have been the case in bygone years, Emile has not now the slightest approach to puppyism about him.—He is indeed, *Le Roi des Chiens*.'

Singular Affection in a Dog.—The Licking Valley Register, published at Covington, Ky., gives the following instance of canine attachment to an animal not of its own species:

'There is a dog which has become so attached to a cow that he follows her day after day and rests with her night after night, never leaving but constantly and bravely protecting her from all molestation. He will permit nothing to approach her in any but a friendly manner. On one occasion several dogs attacked this object of his affection, and it was really amusing to see with what resolution and boldness he defended her against the aggressions of his fellows. After he had vanquished his foes he raised himself on his posterior legs and placing his fore-legs around her neck, caressed her most fondly.'

Walter Scott said seriously, in his biography, 'Through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered at my own ignorance.'

THE RIGHT KIND OF A WIFE.

A New York editor says he had an introduction last week, to the heroine of the following sketch:

Mr. —, a merchant now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in rather an extravagant style, was in the habit every Monday morning of giving his wife a certain sum of money for table, and other household expenses of the week.—He never mentioned his business to his wife, and she deemed him sufficiently capable of attending to his own affairs never inquired into them. About ten years after their marriage, through some slight mismanagement, and the rascality of his confidential clerk, Mr. — suddenly broke, and his fall was mentioned, sympathizingly, on 'Change, and like all such matters, there all sympathy ended. The merchant kept the affair a secret, and the first intimation the lady had of it, was by a paragraph in the 'Ledger.' Shortly after dinner was over on the day of the discovery of the startling fact Mrs. — requested her husband to remain in the parlor a few moments, as she had something to say to him. She then left the room, hurried up stairs, and shortly afterwards returned, with a splendidly bound Bible in her hand.—Handing it to her husband, she said:—'George, the day after our marriage you gave me this book, as a token of our love, and as a rich fountain to look to in the day of trouble. Its pages have been precious to me; and as your brow looks sad to-day, I now return it to you, that you may glean from it some consolation in the hour of gloom.' She then left the room.

The merchant opened the book carelessly, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up, and glanced at its face—it was a \$10 bill. He opened the book again and another note of the same amount was before him. He opened it at the first page, and continued to find an X between every two leaves, till he arrived at the book of Revelations. He was saved—could again commence business, and had a capital of \$9000 to begin with!

He rang the bell—a servant appeared.

'Request your mistress to come to me immediately,' said the merchant.

The lady appeared, entering the room with something between a tear and a smile.

'Kate! Kate! where did you procure all this money?'

'Tis the weekly savings of your household expenses for the last ten years,' was the modest reply. 'Every week I put ten out of the twenty dollars which you gave me, into our Bible bank, that when the day of trouble came upon us, we should have something to save us from the wolf.'

'But why put it in the Bible, Kate?'

'Because it is a good bank, and one which will not suddenly break,' replied the lady.

'You are an angel, Kate,' cried the delighted husband, clasping her to his heart. And so she is. Does any one doubt it? There are thousands of such angels, despite of the railings of our miserable woman slandering bachelors.

PUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.

Dan Rice, the clown, had a benefit in Baltimore a few evenings ago, at which it was announced that a silver cup would be presented to the author of the best conundrum. The prize was awarded to the first of the following which were presented on the occasion:—

Why will the winner of the goblet be performing a feat that will throw Herr Alexander in the shade? Because he will extract silver from Rice.

Why is a boy that gambles like a man just recovering from the small pox? Because he is a little better.

Why is the course pursued by Mr. Calhoun on the Oregon question, like Oregon itself? Because it borders on the Pacific.

Why is a stable like the Senate of the United States? Because there is a great deal of nothing (naying) there.

Why is Dan Rice to-night like a man taking the temperance pledge? Because he gives up the cup for his own benefit.

Why is President Polk on the Oregon question like a frightened rat? Because he goes for the whole (hole.)

Why is the beneficiary to-night, unlike certain fluctuations in trade? Because one is the flour Rice and the other the rises of flour.

Why do husbands now-a-days dislike their wife's to go abroad? Because they never leave their homes without a bustle.

Why are ladies bustles like Sir Walter Scott's Novel's? Because they are fictitious tales founded on reality.

Why is flour like the earth? Because it is ground.

Why is the mourning head dress of a young widow like the emblem of Freedom? Because it is the Cap of Liberty.

Alter of Taste.—Some recent philosopher says that it does not look well, for any body's daughter to walk the streets in December in kid slippers, and laced so cruelly tight, that her cheeks turn to the color of moonlight.

Treatment of a Patriot in Prussia.

In 1812 and 13, when Prussia was humbled to the dust before the armies of Napoleon, the celebrated poet Arndt, was one of the few patriots who braved all dangers to recover the freedom of his country. He and some others boldly went forth among the different states, notwithstanding the numerous spies who were creeping about in all directions, and exhorted the people to rise in the cause of liberty. Arndt, by his spirit touching songs & eloquence was especially the means of rousing his countrymen, and this he did at the risk of his life. It was now that the king promised to give his people a constitution and representation, and this he solemnly repeated at the Congress of Vienna. The Prussians flew to arms with enthusiasm.—When peace was restored the people naturally expected the ratifications of all these promises. Arndt and the other patriots who had saved the throne, lived in daily hopes; and meantime they opposed themselves to the spread of the French manners and customs, adopted the old German manner and customs, talked loudly and happily of noble things to come. Frederick William III., however remained silent; there were no signs of the fulfilment of his promises. Arndt and his fellow-patriots continued to live in full hopes, and declared aloud their full expectations. Suddenly in 1819, a body of police was despatched in all directions, and the patriots were arrested. Arndt, who was at the time, a professor of the University of Donna, was seized, his house taken possession of by the police, his papers and letters carried off, his room sealed up, and himself thrown into prison.

He was tried for high treason. But, though they tried all means, no such thing could be proved, and he was acquitted.—He was never informed upon what grounds he was arrested. He returned to his University and resumed his lectures. But a letter speedily came from the minister forbidding him to lecture, yet ordering that his salary as a professor should be continued. He could obtain no satisfactory explanation for this treatment. It was great injury to his future prospects in all worldly respects, because he was prevented from the student's fees. Arndt took to cultivating his garden, and educating his children. In this state he remained till the accession of the present king, in 1840, when, by an act of grace, the poet was restored to full liberty for the exercise of his powers.—But, meantime he had lost all the arrears of the student's fees for that long period, which would have enabled him to leave good profits of industry to his children.—These 20 years were clearly the period for the harvest of life. Nearly all that had gone before he had been laboriously fitting himself for his office, and then down comes the iron bar upon the very midway of his mortal course.

Arndt bitterly felt the injustice of his previous treatment, for which no compensation was made; nor did it teach him prudence, for at an evening party a few years ago, when a friend was congratulating him upon his restoration, Arndt, who was standing close within the hearing of a Prussian prince, slapped his friend significantly upon the shoulder and answered aloud, 'Ah my dear boy, the murder was committed: I am pardoned in my grave.' But although the direct grounds of his arrest and trial for high treason had never been stated, an accidental circumstance, some years since, brought it to light. The grounds were the discovery of a certain letter among his papers, which letter was evidently a reply to some communication of his on the subject of the promised constitution. And who does the reader imagine this treasonable letter came from? It was from the late king himself. Yet the poet, now in very advanced years, had no redress, except to be allowed to prosecute his labors as a professor.

Jerrild's Magazine.

What is good Farming?—The best and most pithy definition we ever heard of good farming, was given by Mr. Kane, at a late agricultural meeting in Dorsetshire, England. He said, he fed his land before hungry, rested it before weary, and weeded it before foul.

Cloves are the unexpanded flower bud of the Clove tree. They are gathered in October and November, before they open, and when they are still green; they are then exposed to smoke for some days, and dried in the sun.

'You are from the country, are you not, sir?' said a dandy clerk in a book-store to a homely dressed quaker who had given him some trouble.

'Yea.'

'Well, here's an essay on the Rearing of calves.'

'That,' says Aminidab, as he turned to leave the store, 'these had better present to thy mother.'

The orange, lime, and other trees of the citron kind, in some parts of the island of Cuba, are perishing by the ravages of a small insect.